The Magazine of

No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.)

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan - Canada

VOL. 2. NO. 2 • • • 10c • • • AUGUST, 1942

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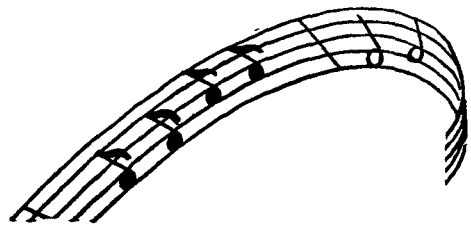

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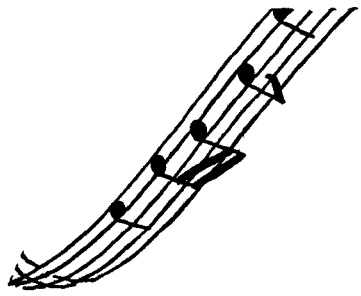

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THE MAGAZINE OF
No. 32 S.F.T.S.
R.A.F.

Moose Jaw - - Sask.
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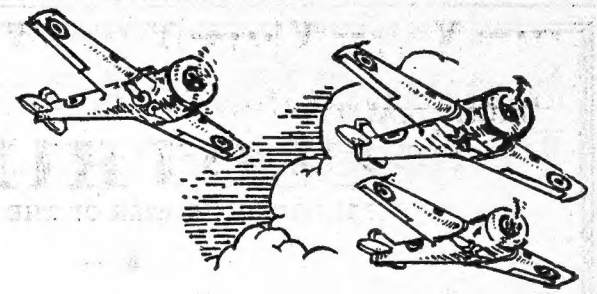

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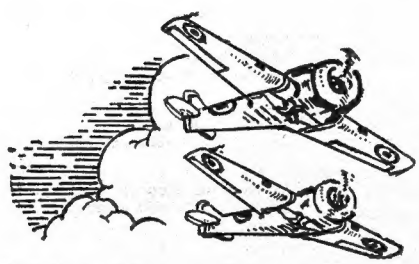

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Editorial

THE Camp seems to be a different place these days. So many new faces are evident, and so many old ones are missing; and those of us left behind tend to regret the breaking up of what was, undoubtedly, one of the finest units in Canada. But we shall not be affected this way for long—it will pass. The work still goes on without let-up, and already the newcomers are fitting in with the scheme of things.

If they seem a little strange to us, the "old-timers", we must cast our minds back to the time when we were strangers, too. We have come a long way since those days—we are thoroughly acclimatised and know our way about. We have become familiar with the Canadian way of living, and there is not much we do not know about Moose Jaw and the surrounding country. And, within limits, we know what to expect. But not so for them—they are still finding their feet, and they will be for a while to come. When this stage is over, we shall find they are not so strange but rather, just like ourselves; and we shall find, too, that they will enter just as wholeheartedly into Station activities as did those whom they came to replace. And the Station once again will weld itself into a complete and settled unit.

Until that time it is up to all of us, "old-timers" and newcomers alike, to do what we can to bring about that end. The sooner it is realised, the better for all.

* * * * *

There have been a few changes in the magazine committee during the past few weeks. LAC. Sumner, our Art expert, has asked to be relieved of his duties although he will continue to brighten our pages with his fine work. Corporal Jones has been sent away but there are prospects that he will return to us one day. And Corporal Priestman will be gone before the next issue is published. To all of these I wish to express my appreciation of their efforts. Everyone of them has worked hard since the early days to produce a magazine worthy of the Station. To you I leave the judgment of their success.

To offset these losses LAC. T. Melican has consented to serve on the committee. Many of you will remember his "Case History of AC. Splodge" which appeared in earlier issues. We can look forward to many new features from this writer's pen, but we still need additional help. I urgently appeal to all with any journalistic experience or artistic ability to contact me at the earliest moment.

E.C.

Words of Wisdom

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts; and the great art of life is to have as many of them as possible.

—*Montaigne.*

Flowers *are always appreciated*

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WEDDING BOUQUETS — POT PLANTS
CUT FLOWERS—FUNERAL WREATHS AND SPRAYS

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THE *Padre's* LETTER

Dear Friends,

In a moment of sheer desperation (I can hardly feel that that is possible on this camp!), or in utter recklessness, not forgetting the probability of politeness, the Editor of the "Prairie Flyer" has been good enough to ask me to write a short letter to you all. (Thanks, Mr. Editor!)

I must admit that I felt rather unhappy when leaving my old Station and all the friends there, but I am glad to be with you, and I would like to thank those officers and men who have been so cordial in their welcome and co-operative in their friendly assistance. I know now that I shall be happy in my work here in your midst. Just a word about my work! I feel that inasmuch as lies in my power, I would endeavour to share at all times and in all places in the burdens and joys of all personnel. If at any time you feel that I can help in any way, however small that way may be, do feel free to talk to me "anywhere" and at "any time". Make my office your home, drop in for a chat, or leave a note upon the desk, if I should be away, and I will, as soon as possible, contact you. During each morning in the week, except on Saturdays, I plan to be in the office, and I shall be pleased to see you there.

Just a little word about

Church Services

I would like to see you present on Sunday mornings if you can come along. Attendance at Church is of little importance if it ends there, but the words of one of the fellows at my last camp have meant much to me. As he was saying good-bye, he added: "As I have come to the service each Sunday evening, Sir, I have often felt fed up and down in the dumps, but somehow, afterwards, I felt revived and happier. It was good to be able to come along." He was a grand fellow, and is on his way home now with the Fleet Air Arm. Yes, fellows! Drop along to church when you can, and don't be like many people in taking your burdens off like a raincoat and leaving them at the end of the pew during the time in church and then picking them up on the way out. If you bring them in, leave them there, and go out revived, refreshed, and happier men . . . *casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.*

It was a native Christian from India that wrote in the diary of a Private in the old C.E.F.,

"The Secret of Religion is Religion in Secret."

There are many amongst us who shout out our beliefs, and who are shy about the feelings of our hearts, but there are very few amongst us that deep down do not long for "the better things", and pray from the heart, especially when those possessions that we assess the dearest in life are challenged. Perhaps some of us may look upon Christianity as a little out of date, and, maybe, a little too aged, to be of real use in modern circumstances. In this respect, I was interested in a quotation recently published in London, and taken from the *Daily Telegraph.* The extract is taken from a letter signed by "Naval Officer", asking to be allowed to say a few words concerning Lt.-Gen. Sir William Dobbie, ex-Governor of Malta, the defence of which, under his leadership, thrilled the hearts of us all. "General Dobbie is a big man," the naval officer wrote. *"He is a big man physically. He is big professionally,* being one of the foremost fortress men in the British Army. *He is big morally.* . . As one who has had the honour to be the guest of General Dobbie and Lady Dobbie during the present siege of Malta, I would like to mention how impressive General Dobbie can be. His charming house at San Anton is run with dignity befitting a representative of the King, combined with the simplicity of the soldier. After dinner the guests proceed to the drawing room, where, standing in front of the fireplace, General Dobbie says, *"It is usual in this house to say a few words of thanks to Almighty God,"* and then for a minute or so, he gives an extempore prayer of thanks for the day and its events. No wonder he is one of whom it has been said: *'He fights with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other.'* No wonder he is an inspiration to the garrison and people of Malta."

Time and time again it has been, and is still being proved that: *"If any man serve Me, him will My Father honour."* And the man with a true and living faith in Jesus Christ knows this to be true.

• *Continued on page 11*

Technical Terms Illustrated

CAMOUFLAGE

Do You *Believe in Gremlins?*

The illustration accompanying this article was drawn by the author who assures us that, because he believes in Gremlins, he sees this little fellow on the wind sleeve every morning before flying starts. If you believed, you'd see him, too, he says. It may be that he appears to some in a different guise. The Editor is anxious to "gen up" on these little men and will welcome any illustrations of them with a view to publication in the next issue.

by **E.H.F.**

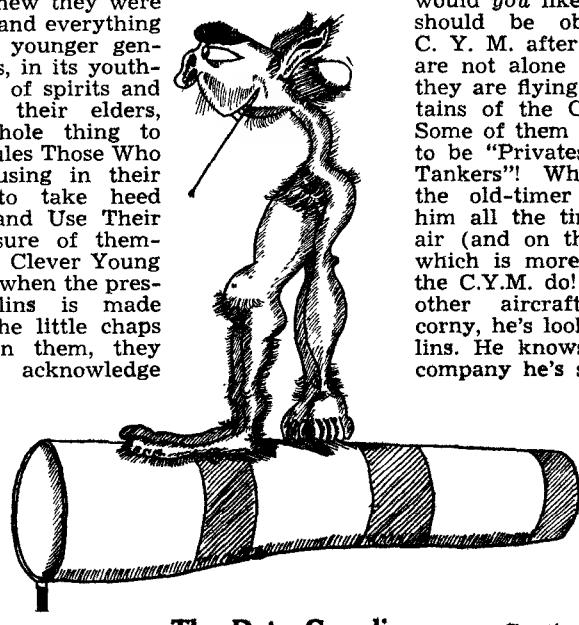
IT seems a pity that the matter of this Gremlin business has had to appear in cold, hard print. It wasn't until recently it became apparent that the existence of Gremlins was being questioned and that there were actually some poor types who didn't believe in them (*vide* R.A.F. Journal, No. 13). Growing scepticism, in an ever-expanding Air Force, has made some sort of explanation necessary, but, as I say, it seems a pity.

In the old days, when pilots were pilots (and a C.F.S. course was a coveted reward after 5 years on a squadron—not just a long week-end at Trenton) the existence of Gremlins was never questioned, one accepted them, knew they were always around and everything was fine. The younger generation of pilots, in its youthful exuberation of spirits and intolerance of their elders, laughs the whole thing to scorn and ridicules Those Who Know, not pausing in their condemnation to take heed and consider, and Use Their Noggins. So sure of themselves are these Clever Young Men, that even when the presence of Gremlins is made manifest and the little chaps go to work on them, they *still* refuse to acknowledge their existence.

One hears them, these C. Y. M., discussing things afterwards, usually like this: — "The brakes were U/S" or "It was a sudden gust that did it." What nonsense, what childishness and what hypocrisy! Why don't these C.Y.M. own up and admit that it *wasn't* so and that there's something they don't understand? Why? Because they're afraid, that's why. Afraid, because in their line-shooting moments (heaven knows that's often enough!) these C.Y.M. have ridiculed, scoffed and derided (little knowing that they were asking for trouble) and don't like to admit that there Might Be Something. As one of our air-wise comrades always says—"Let's work it out."

Maybe it will help to convince those who don't believe—I hope so, it must be so humiliating for the little men, having to be explained; how would *you* like it? At least it should be obvious to the C. Y. M. after this that they are not alone up there when they are flying around. "Captains of the Clouds" indeed! Some of them aren't qualified to be "Privates of the Petrol Tankers"! Why do you think the old-timer looks around him all the time he's in the air (and on the ground, too, which is more than some of the C.Y.M. do!)? Looking for other aircraft? Don't be corny, he's looking for Gremlins. He knows that in their company he's safe and sound because he *Believes*, see?

Do you ever hear an experienced pilot saying, "Number so-and-so is left wing low"? Of course not, because when



The Duty Gremlin

• *Continued on page 10*

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GREMLINS?

• *Continued from page 9*

he's flying it, it isn't left wing low—he's got one of the little folk sitting where it's necessary, so that Number so-and-so flies perfectly "hands-off". Get it? They know who are believers and who are not, don't you worry!

Remember P/O. Prune's wizard ground loop outside the C.I.'s office? Cross-wind, my Aunt Fanny! That was little Johnny Gremlin all right, holding on to Prune's wing tip and digging his heels in. "Why?" did you say? Because Prune being just a shade swelled-headed was saying to himself, "I'm pretty good," and instead of flying his aeroplane he tried to bully and frighten it on to the ground. You don't believe it? O.K. then, remember F/O Twerp emerging from a hunk of cumulus upside down and blowing out all his windows? Yes, I know he said it was ice accretion and got away with it. Phooey! He wasn't in it long enough to notice, but he did take over from his pupil with the following remark, "Cloud flying is too easy when you have the knack." Knack my foot! It's just common sense, but No, Twerp being one of the C.Y.M. had to make a line out of it and try to be impressive. Unfortunately for him two of the little Gremlin chappies happened to be doing a spot of formation nearby and overheard Twerp's line. They looked at each other and said "That's US!" and just as surely as if Twerp had called them by name they went to work. One of them swung on to Twerp's Pitot Head and sucked instead of blew, and the other got into his cockpit and caged his gyros—you know the rest. Ice accretion, indeed!

You don't believe that either? That's all right, I know some more and I'm not tired yet, though why I'm wasting my time on you I can't imagine—anyone with any sense would be able to *see* by now, I should have thought.

Every time it rains the pupils' room in No. 4 Hangar is flooded out—noticed that? You haven't? Well, it's a fact, and do you know that the last time it happened I heard someone say, "We ought to get Works and Bricks to fix that again"? As if *that* would do any good—how futile! Every time it's been fixed a gang of "little men" come along and tear holes in the ceiling, and the next morning the pupils are sailing their paper boats on the crew room floor. Now if only the pupils would give it a little thought and pitch in and keep the place tidy and get their log books made up correctly once a week, they'd find that the floodings would cease. Gremlins insist on tidyness and neatness on the ground as well as the strictest observance of flying rules and regulations *and* courtesy in the air.

You are beginning to wonder after all, are you? That's better, but you're certainly hard to convince.

Of course, P/O. Stoode-Prune (Prune's cousin) had no other alibi when he returned to base with festoons of telegraph wire on his propeller and engine—he had been low-flying. He admitted it and took the consequences, but what shook him to the core was the fact that when it happened he *knew* he was flying above the level of the sagging telegraph wires, and in point of fact, *he was!* What he didn't know was that on top of the two telegraph poles through which he was aiming to pass were two of the little mystery blokes. When they saw him coming they waited until he was almost there and then just hauled in the slack in the wires, and Bingo! S-P. had "had it"! Poor deluded S-P. saw no connection between that and the line he was shooting the previous night in the Mess. (It sounded to the Gremlins as though he was from a long line of harpooners!)

All S-P is worrying about is being put back 200 places in the Air Force List; he's figured that he'll have to do another three years before there are 200 places lower than his! Silly, isn't it?

I hope by now that some of the unbelievers are interested as there will be more about Gremlins and their activities next month.

—•—

Up at 32

Up at 32
the air is often blue
the sgts. say the erks
keep messing up the works
the erks, they say, no sarge
should be allowed at large
the poor cpl's. in a stew
'cause he's between the two
but in spite of all the blasting
there's a comradeship that's lasting
and in one thing they all agree
that it's up to them to see
all will end in victory.

—S. G. S.

. . . Things ? We Want to Know

Whether there's a "Honeymoon Special" to Chicago (via Minneapolis!), and if so, does it run on Saturdays or Sundays?

Why Regina should be patronised so well, when Indian Head is so full of dusky beauty?

Whether a certain Equipment Assistant discovered what goes into Denver Sandwiches when he was (fortunately or unfortunately) stranded there on leave?

Whether certain songsters thought that "Dots and Dashes" was more interesting than "Ground Loops"—and why?

Who submitted a chit to the M.O. asking his permission to proceed to town in "Whites", and what was the reason for this request?

Who is known as "The Nipper" of the Station Hospital?

Who is the Senior N.C.O. who requested an airman to chalk three white stripes on his khaki shirt because, although people knew who he was, they took no notice of him?

Why the Sergeants' Mess should have such a collection of Pansies?

Why the new P.T. Officer should put such emphasis on the "Physical" part of training?

Who is "Ferdinand"?

Why mosquitoes were born?

Why this part of the world is considered to be on the "Dry Belt"?

Is it true that a portable Hill's Mirror is being constructed to enable the Navigation Section to chase the smoke-puff?

If the fly-catcher in the Airmen's Dining Hall has seen "Service" elsewhere?

How do the living-out personnel feel now?

THE PADRE'S LETTER

• *Continued from page 7*

Endeavour to grow into "big" men, fellows; healthy, purposeful, and moral. We know little of the youth of Jesus Christ, except that "He increased in wisdom, and stature, and in favour with God and man." Many are satisfied to be wise, healthy and a social success, and quite often leave out the fourth dimension "in favour with God", a spiritual success.

The late Chaplain General of the Forces, Bishop Taylor Smith, endeavoured to stress this truth every morning as his batman came in first thing. He insisted that his batman should do three things—bring in a cup of tea, tell a funny story, and repeat a text of Scripture. Thus, he maintained, his body, mind and spirit were all three refreshed at the beginning of each day.

Don't forget the fourth dimension, men, for it is the spiritual aspect of our lives that gives us the moral backbone to be men the world can trust at all times.

In closing I would like to say, yet once more, that I do sincerely wish to help wherever possible. In the home, or on the camp, overseas or near at hand, if the difficulty or trouble is proving too much, perhaps a friendly chat will help matters.

God bless you, your loved ones and friends at all times is the wish of

Your new friend and padre,

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BITS and PIECES

BY F.F.F.

"The man who trims himself to suit everybody will very soon whittle himself away," says Mr. Ponsonby. (And then, he wouldn't suit anybody.—Ed.)

Among the makers of one-piece bathing suits, says Ponsonby, apparently the thigh's the limit!

She: "Let's have a kiss!"

He: "Oh, no! Not on an empty stomach!"

She: Of course not, — right where you put the last one!"

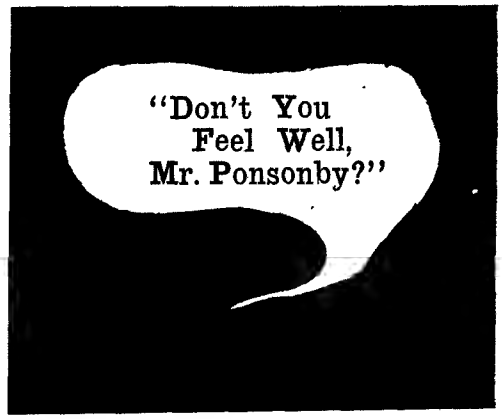
Sergeant: (To Erk): "Hey, you! Be careful with that blinkin' rifle. You only just missed me!"

Erk: "Sorry, Sergeant!"

Ponsonby was at a show the other day with a friend of his, who gazed admiringly at the dress of the lovely chorine. .

"I wonder who made her dress?" she asked, enviously.

"I'm not sure," said Ponsonby, his mind, as usual on other things. "But I think it must have been the police!"



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

DEFINITIONS

Bore: Here today and here tomorrow!

Sympathy: What you usually give to another when you don't want to lend him any money!

THIS MONTH'S HOWLER

Purgatory: A sort of chocolate which is used as a medicine, and is eaten by babies.

PONSONBY PONDERS

Why love at first sight often ends with divorce at first slight?

A diner in a restaurant sat watching a man, who had a row of long-stemmed wine glasses in front of him, eating the tops with great relish and throwing away the stems. At last he could bear it no longer.

"*Must* you do that?" he asked, anguish in every line of his countenance.

"Can't I eat these glasses if I enjoy them?" answered the other annoyed.

"Sure," was the reply, "but such waste, boy, such waste. You're throwing the best part away!"

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"Wanted: Sideboard for lady with Glass back, and visible interior."

"Wanted: Table for lady with spiral legs and four drawers."

EXTRACT FROM AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER

"He made out he was keen to do his bit until he was called up, then he went to a peel board on the ground of conscious object, but they cut his tail short by turning a deaf ear to it. Now he thinks he is holding his end up and is strutting about in the King's Colours as if he was Lord Haw-Haw!

This Will Surprise You!

By SMITH MINOR (*Air Cadet*)

(IT DID ME)

Ever since the war began lots of poeple have talked about the Air Force in gloeing terms, so I decided it would be much more exciting to join the Air Cadets than go on Active Serviss with the Y.M.C.A., and hear I am at 32 S.F.T.S. for my summer camp. The night before we left I was so excited I could hardly sleep because at last I was going to see how the Air Force really worked, and what was more, I was going to be part of it, to. When we got to the camp gates, the first thing I saw was a little man talking very jovially to the men as they came out of camp, and I thought what a nice person he was. For some reason or other he seemed to be perswading most of them to go back in again, which they did, so I asked an airman who he was and he said he was a Binder, which was my first surprise as I didn't know their was such a rank in the Air Force, but then I remembered that this was the R.A.F. and not the R.C.A.F. and reelised their must be some differences. As we walked up to our barrack block I saw a lot of Boy Scouts around, and this surprised me because I thought no one was allowed on the camp except the airmen, us and the officers' wives. However, one of the men said it was a special uniform for the R.A.F. because they couldn't be bothered to press there trousers (I think he ment pants). When we got into our barracks we found the beds were one on top of another, and I thought the pilots must sleep in the top ones just to get used to being up in the air.

Next day we did a lot of marching, and I was very tired, but one of the airman said he was so used to marching with a full pack it would be a luxury to march without it, and I had to agree with him.

The aeroplanes surprised me because I had seen them at the Capital, and the announcer said they were 'taking off armed to the teeth', but these were only being used for training. Training planes are painted yellow so that the enemy won't attack them. I had a ride in a plane and the driver (he would insist he was an aeroplane driver, although I said he was a pilot) pointed out the horse in Moose Jaw, but I couldn't see it, and I think he was only pulling my leg.

There is a lot of talk about a new fighter plane called a 36T, and nearly everybody was talking about it. For some reason or other it seemed to be affecting there income tax, and this surprised me as I couldn't see how it could do that unless they were going to bild a lot of them and put the tax up (I learned that in grade 8).

There are lots of other things that surprised me, but I mussn't say to much as they are miltary secrets. It was very nice to get back home again and get out of my uniform. I felt so good I put on my best zipper jacket, although my mother said it was only to be used on Sundays, and us kids had a coke wile I told them all about the officer who said he had 21 pairs of socks. Everybody agreed that we hadn't reelised it was that cold when you are flying.

A gang of demolition men had been working on the ruins of a bombed London suburban house for a couple of days, doing the job with leisurely thoroughness. While they worked, occasionally finding a cap or garment, they were watched by a pipe-smoking man who leaned over the front wall. He said nothing, did nothing, just watched with mild interest. Towards the end of the second day, the foreman found his presence annoying, so he went to the watcher and said, "Are you interested in this 'ere property?" The man puffed for a moment and replied, "Sort of. As a matter of fact, I'm the man who used to live there." The effect on the foreman was immediate. He shouted to his gang, "Knock off, boys, here's the bloke we're looking for."

No one can be really rich in experience who has never been poor in means.

Maybe You'll Like It Here

OR

Advice to the Love-lorn

★ by **PETRONIUS ARBITER, Jr.**

The story is probably apocryphal, but I have it reported to me from a creditable source that a certain AC2 was found lying face downwards in a puddle; he was, it is feared, more drunk than sober. On being questioned by the S.P. who picked him up, he is alleged to have offered this explanation of his behaviour:—

"I was looking for a Prairie Oyster."

His defence appears to me beautiful in its simplicity, but I mention it not so much for its aesthetic appeal as to illustrate the way less strong-minded members of the species Erk are apt to get out here. Possibly the combined effects of life in the Air Force and life on the Prairies are too much for them; after all, the normal hardy dweller on these plains has only to contend with dust-storms, drought, fierce cold, intense heat, grasshoppers, mosquitoes, blizzards, and the Saskatchewan liquor laws; whereas our poor friend Erk has, in addition, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune as represented by scrubbing, polishing, parades, night-flying, Blore's café, reveille at 0600 hours, and separation from England, home and (in some cases) beauty. It must be pointed out, however, that only the Erk who is determined to be miserable goes without the two latter items. Hospitality in these parts is so complete as to be, at times, almost embarrassing. I remember very well, for instance, the shock of finding that when one's host or hostess says at the end of an evening, "Drop in any time," they not merely mean it, but get quite annoyed with you if you don't; and in fact, being equipped with a fair share of English reserve, it is a custom to which I still fail to become used.

As for that subject so dear to the heart of Erk, to wit, pulchritude, I shall bring my English reserve into play again, and shut up at once; leaving you, of course, with the happy implication that there *is* something to be reserved about . . .

Yes, I know the sentence ends with a preposition, but if Shakespeare could be ungrammatical, so can I.

Standing on the balcony of our Watch Tower recently, I overheard a conversation between a pioneer at this station and a newcomer. They were surveying the landscape, if any.

"I can remember," said the pioneer, in a Canadian drawl which he has acquired at a local beer-parlour, "a time when you could stand right here and look around you and see nothing at all for miles and miles."

One could almost hear the newcomer's eyebrows lifting.

And then the pioneer added:

"That was in 1941."

There is little doubt that you will find the scenery lacking in something. Or why not, I hear you remark, say everything?

If you feel like that about it, I recommend that you get posted to Weyburn, where the country is so flat that they haven't bothered to instal billiard tables in the camp. It is said that the oldest inhabitant there staunchly refuses to believe in the existence of the Rocky Mountains.

Personally, I have begun to find a certain fascination in this landscape, where one must look not for obvious beauty, but subtle variations of tone and colour and form, where the sky is wide open and the changing atmospheric effects of light and shade bring that sense of strangeness in the familiar which is half the charm of any view, even the most grandiose. You may consider this a little fanciful, and insist that the landscape is "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable"; but if you have or can acquire a taste for subtleties, you will surprise yourself by finding your first impressions contradicted.

I am not, however, offering a money-back guarantee if you don't.

That men do go mad here is undeniable; in my billet there are six men who talk in their sleep all night, carrying on an interminable conversation with each other; and as none of them are ever talking about the same thing,

• *Continued on following page*

"The secret of my perpetual youth is proper care by the General Motors Car Conservation Plan!"

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MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE IT HERE

• *Continued from page 15*

the effect if one awakens suddenly at three o'clock in the morning is positively frightening. A voice from the far end of the room announces that it has been haunted for three weeks by a large purple and yellow grasshopper, which follows it around and makes cynical observations on the appearance, character, and mental ability of the voice's owner. Then from somewhere above one's head another voice, hollow and despairing, weeps quietly for the loss of its pet gopher, which has, it says, deserted to the Japanese. All this is carried on to the accompaniment of a man three beds down singing a swing version of "The Lost Chord."

Little things like these tend to be rather trying to a delicate nervous sensibility; as was well evidenced one night last week, when a usually quiet, well-balanced young man next to me got up at half-past two, switched on all the lights, climbed on to one of the heating appliances, and began to read Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" at the top of his voice.

However, to one fortified by a philosophical habit of thought, there are compensations even to living in a desert; and this is quite a way from being that. The wise man adapts himself to the necessities of circumstance; our lives are largely conditioned by the influence of events extraneous to ourselves, and the freedom of the human will, is now, at this moment of time, only partial and potential.

At this point I fall off my soap-box, and put it more simply thus: "Make the best of it." You will find that it is quite a good best, too. There are friendships to be made, a different way of living to be observed, a thousand new experiences waiting for you to choose; some of the most beautiful spots of the five continents are easily accessible when you go on leave. Or go down to the States and get acquainted with the Americans; you won't find it difficult, and you may see that the differences between us are far less important than the similarities.

I think if you broaden your mind to acknowledge that the small part of England where you lived is not the whole world, if you make yourself receptive to impressions, adaptable to circumstance, and determined to ex-

• *Continued on page 18*

The binder BITTEN!

Snooks and I were enjoying a companionable half-hour in the quiet corner of the Wet Canteen. We had amiably discussed and dismissed the Officers' Football Team, the new Padre, and the best method of making a rock garden for the Sergeants' Mess, and we had just begun debating the comparative merits of the C.G.I. and the S/L.A. when a shadow fell athwart us We looked up. It was Scribbons. We looked down again hurriedly.

"Hullo," said Scribbons, affably.

"Hullo," we replied, without enthusiasm.

Undeterred, Scribbons pulled up a chair.

"A grand day," he volunteered cheerfully.

"It was," said Snooks with a sigh.

"I concur," said I. "With Snooks," I added to obviate any misunderstanding.

Scribbons threw back his head and laughed heartily.

'Dashed neat!" he chortled. "Yes, I like that. Good job I know you two chaps, eh?"

And then, while Snooks and I exchanged helpless looks, Scribbons hemmed us in and settled himself comfortably to listen to himself talking to us.

"Just heard a dashed good story," said he, as an opening. "A real topliner, in fact. And I happened to spot you two erks, so—well, here I am. I mean, it's much too good to keep to myself."

"H'm," said Snooks, discouragingly.

"Pity," said I, not to be outdone.

"Stooper told it to me," went on Scribbons, his head unbowed. "I nearly died laughing."

"Should have been a little bit funnier," said Snooks.

Scribbons continued as if he had not heard the remark. "It's about a window cleaner and a plumber's mate. Stop me if you've heard it. You see, the window cleaner ————"

"Stop!" cried Snooks, and his tone was like that of our late departed S.W.O.

Scribbons stopped, open mouthed, in mid-sentence and stared.

"I've heard it," explained Snooks, blandly, "an hour or so ago, in fact."

"Oh," said Scribbons, looking a trifle deflated. Then his eye fell on me and he brightened perceptibly. "What about you, old boy?" he queried hopefully, "do you ————?"

"I told it to Snooks," I lied promptly, "and Stooper."

. . . *by* T.S.M.G.

"Oh!" said Scribbons, in a flat spin, "I—er—thought it was a new one."

"Oh, it is," Snooks assured him heartily. "Absolutely Main Stores condition. Just out of its packing case in fact. But you know how it is, old man. A good story travels faster even than news about the Boat or the improper use of the Corporal's Room." He smiled disarmingly. 'It's a rum thing about jokes," he went on chattily, "but a joke can be both new and old at the same time. The most topical and up-to-date story is old to you if you heard it for the first time half-an-hour previously. And, conversely, the corniest old chestnut can be a brand new story if you just happen not to have encountered it before. In short, it's a matter of luck."

"A story you've heard before," I contributed, ramming Snooks' point well home, "is as dead as a Moose Jaw Beer Parlor, no matter how recently it may have been born."

"That puts it in a nutshell," said Snooks, inclining his head graciously to me.

"Thank you," I replied with equal courtesy.

There was a short silence.

"Eh—there's another good one I heard," essayed Scribbons, rallying bravely. "It's about——"

"Speaking of chestnuts," interrupted Snooks, ruthlessly, "reminds me of a rum experience I had a few days ago. Astonishing, it was. Almost incredible in fact."

"Ah," I said, dropping helpfully into the role of stooge.

"You know Ponsonby, of course?" inquired Snooks, eyeing Scribbons with lifted brows.

• *Continued on following page*

THE BINDER BITTEN

• *Continued from page 17*

"I do," admitted Scribbons, "but not very well. Why?"

"I'll tell you," said Snooks. "Believe it or not, old boy, but I was with him the other day when somebody who should have known better, but didn't, dug up an ancient and bewhiskered one that had seen its best days before you got your first G.C. Well, everybody winced except Ponsonby. And to my utter amazement he nearly choked with mirth, and insisted he hadn't heard it before."

"What was the story?" I asked, recognizing my cue.

"Why, the old tale about the bishop and the fireman," replied Snooks, chuckling.

"No!" I cried incredulously. "Why that's practically B.C. A self-respecting jester wouldn't have stooped so low as to trot that one out at the Court of King Arthur."

Scribbons said nothing, but he joined readily in our laughter at the expense of Ponsonby.

"And that's not all," said Snooks, solemnly.

"Not all?" I echoed, helpfully.

"You see," went on Snooks, solemnly, "in a spirit of inquisitiveness I decided to test Ponsonby thoroughly. So I told him the one about the S.W.O. and the Squadron-Leader. You know the one I mean, 'excellent suggestion' and so on." He paused dramatically. "And Ponsonby nearly fell off his chair laughing!"
"Amazing," I exclaimed dutifully.

"Ponsonby, in short," pursued Snooks earnestly, "is absolutely virgin ground for the jokesmith. Not only has he not heard 'em before, but he is a thoroughly appreciative audience when he does hear them!"

"So that's where he gets his cracks for the Prairie Flyer," I put in.

Snooks eyed Scribbons significantly.

"Now that one of yours about the window cleaner and the plumber's mate would be just like ice-cream to a schoolboy like Ponsonby."

"You—you think so?" stammered Scribbons, doubtfully.

"Sure of it," affirmed Snooks, emphatically. "There he is, sitting over by the window, looking as lonely as Blackie before Butch found him."

Scribbons hesitated, eyeing us suspiciously. We looked back at him as guilelessly as a couple of Air Cadets. What he saw apparently reassured him, for he glanced across at Ponsonby with a sudden speculative gleam in his eye.

"Well, if you really think so, maybe I ————"

"Attaboy!" said Snooks, pointing Scribbons in Ponsonby's direction and propelling him gently forward.

As Scribbons moved off, Snooks and I stole off as one man, soft-footed to the door. And it was not until we had gained the sanctuary of the barrack block that there was speech between us.

"There's just one point," I said, quizzically. "What's that old chestnut you mentioned about the S.W.O. and the Squadron-Leader?"

"I don't know," said Snooks, making his bed. "I don't think it's been invented yet."

I looked at him suspiciously.

"And what of Scribbons's tale about the window cleaner and the plumber's mate?" I demanded. "Hadn't you heard that one either?"

"As a matter of fact, I had," returned Snooks, casually. "Ponsonby told it to me just before you came in."

MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE IT HERE

• *Continued from page 16*

tract some return for the chance that brought you here, you will be able to look back on this as not the least valuable and enjoyable experience of your young life.

Nevertheless, my idea of the good life is still to have a flat in the West End of London, a house in the English countryside, and a villa on the Mediterranean. But there is a war on; and since you are as likely to find yourself in Tobruk as Timbuctoo while that is the case, see what you can make of this experience.

Everything else failing, write to me enclosing a three cent stamp, and you will receive by return a recipe for a party which should convince you that the outlook is not entirely blue; not, at least, until the morning after.

Here endeth the first, and very probably the last, lesson.

The Tenderfoot's Song

If you've left home and crossed the foam
To live in Canada,
It's hard to know what's *comme il faut*
And what's a bad *faux pas*.

In Maple Leaf Land they live their lives
In a very Canadian way,
And many things done in Kensington
Aren't done in Sandy Bay.

They tax your wits with dimes and bits
Until you take to dope.
Why, it would strain the Einstein brain
To buy a cake of soap.

In Maple Leaf Land they live their lives
In a very Canadian way,
And many things done in Kensington
Aren't done in Sandy Bay.

Then's what's absurd, the English word
May not mean what you think;
A simple phrase may well amaze
And cause a fearful stink.

In Maple Leaf Land they live their lives
In a very Canadian way,
And many things done in Kensington
Aren't done in Sandy Bay.

The time they fix for tea is six—
Don't ask the reason why!
Forgetting this may make you miss
That bramble-jelly pie.

In Maple Leaf Land they live their lives
In a very Canadian way,
And many things done in Kensington
Aren't done in Sandy Bay.

And heaven knows what other woes
In one's sad lot may be,
Until one learns the little turns
Of life this side the sea.

In Maple Leaf Land they live their lives
In a very Canadian way,
And many things done in Kensington
Aren't done in Sandy Bay.

It's not so done in Kensington—
That's why we think it queer;
So let us say, "It's their own way,
The way they do things here—

"It's just their own Canadian way,
The way they do things here."

—J. H. M.

The Editor and Committee

HAVE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING
THAT A DONATION OF

$250.00

to the

Lord Mayor of London's Fund for Bomb Victims

has been approved by the Commanding Officer, and a cheque for this amount is being sent to the Headquarters of the Fund. This donation is the first large amount to be turned over from the profits of the sale of this magazine, and has been made possible only by the support given by readers, advertisers and contributors alike. Please carry on with the good work so that further sums may be disbursed in the future.

It's the Law!

In Oxford, members of Lincoln College are by University Statute entitled to shoot with bows and arrows on the High, provided they wear Lincoln Green.

Another statute enables Chancellors of the University to hang from Magdalen Bridge any member of the University, without trial.

* * *

In Cold Spring, Pennsylvania, no man may buy a drink without the written permission of his wife.

* * *

There is an English law, still unrepealed, imposing the following tariff of fines for using profane language:

Every day-labourer, common soldier, common sailor, and common seaman—1/0d.

Every other person under the degree of a gentleman—2/0d.

Every person of, or above the degree of a gentleman—5/0d.

In the reign of George III a bill was introduced to the effect that: A woman of whatever age, rank or profession, whether maid or widow, who shall after this Act impose upon and seduce into matrimony any of H.M. subjects by means of scents, paints, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, bolstered hips, high-heeled shoes, or iron stays, shall incur the penalties against witchcraft, and the marriage shall be declared null and void.

* * *

In Kansas there is a law which says that when two trains meet at a junction neither can proceed until the other has passed.

* * *

In Cambridge the Vice-Chancellor must stop and recite the Lord's Prayer if any under-graduate should pluck at his gown requesting him to do so, while kneeling on the pavement.

Potted Personalities—No. 12

SQUADRON LEADER A. J. S. NEGUS

A.F.C. FOR "32"

Sqdn. Ldr. Milligan Decorated

No. 32, S.F.T.S.—The news that S/Ldr. F. M. Milligan, Officer Commanding No. 2 Squadron here, had been awarded the Air Force Cross, was received with extreme pleasure by all sections on the Camp, and congratulations were showered on him from all quarters.

The official citation read as follows:

"As Officer Commanding his squadron, this officer through his keenness, efficiency and extreme devotion to duty whilst flying has been an inspiration to the flying instructors in his squadron. Through his marked enthusiasm and outstanding flying ability, his unit has attained a high standard of efficiency which has contributed largely to the output of qualified pilots."

All of us who know him know that he thoroughly deserved such recognition, and the "Prairie Flyer" would like to add its congratulations to the many he has received already.

S/Ldr. Milligan now joins W/Commdr. N. E. Morrison who prior to the announcement was the only holder of this coveted award at present serving on the unit.

Secrets of the C.R.

Having heard the whispered word going round the camp of a secret weapon located in the Central Registry, the Editorial Department of the "Prairie Flyer" sent our roving reporter post haste to Headquarters.

The following account is published in accordance with our policy of keeping you genned up to the latest developments in this great historic struggle now raging.

On receiving my assignment, I hot-footed it to the Registry, where I was greeted by the denizens in their customary cordial, but inimitable, manner. However, when I explained in awed terms the reason for my visit I was invited into the inner sanctum.

No sooner had I crossed the threshold than the door closed with a fiendish groaning and rattle of chains and I found myself imprisoned at the tender mercies of Cpl. Priestman and his myrmidons (with apologies to Mr. Black).

On enquiring the meaning of this outrage, saintly expressions overspread the countenances of the triumvirate and

• *Continued on page 25*

Moose Jaw Laundry Blues

Moose Jaw, 29-6-42.—The workers at Moose Jaw Steam Laundry went on strike today—adversely affecting the personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S. Airmen's laundry lay in piles, unwashed, unironed, unpacked, and the airmen were unhappy. Their greatest delight after grubbing it during the day was to change into clean clothes—official pattern (we hope!)—and get away. These past few days they have been blushing unseen behind slightly soiled shirts, collars, etc.

One airman solved the problem by fixing a collar to a handkerchief of the proper colour and the latter bore a striking resemblance to the blue grey shirt—till the wearer took off his tunic. Several airmen became daily dippers, sneaked off to bed early and left their shirts to dry during the night—but apparently it is pretty dismal to go on parade with a wet tail flapping. etc.

Our reporter is making further inquiries re the suggestion by a group of erks to start the FuRA Fwong laundry on Camp. Anything further on this subject will be made public at a later date.

Oh, Deer!

A "Fawny" Story

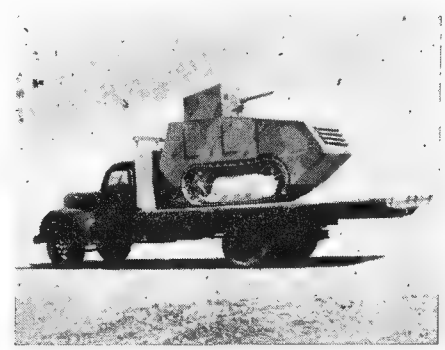
One of this unit's Dunkirk heroes went hiking round the Wild Animal Park the other day. While admiring the beauty of the nearby countryside he suddenly heard a snort behind him, and just as suddenly felt a hard prod in his rear portion. His thoughts, he says, flew immediately to buffaloes, grizzlies and gophers, and stealthily he turned around to face his attackers, only to find himself confronted by an angry deer.

Not knowing how to deal with the situation, our brave LAC. tried "shooing" the ferocious beast away, but this proved ineffectual and seemed to make it more angry. Our hero then decided on a course of action. Without more ado he turned tail and leisurely started walking away, only to be almost flattened with another heavy prod. Considering this very unsportsmanlike, he determined to make a quick getaway, and started walking faster. So did the deer. He increased his pace. So did the deer. He trotted — he ran — he sprinted. And still the deer's beautiful little horns were but a foot from the seat of his pants. Quickly he glanced around for refuge and spied a friendly tree. Changing course he made for it and, without loss of time, climbed it until he was astride one of its branches and out of the way of the wild beast's beastly horns.

For fifteen minutes he sat there while the deer waited with its lovely soft brown —sorry, angry red eyes turned upward toward him. It was then that our "Denny" proved his worth—proved, indeed, the mettle of the R.A.F. Climbing down the tree on the dear deer's blind side he kicked at a large cactus growing nearby until it was loose, just as the deer, its whole being filled with animosity, arrived prepared to finish him off. Grabbing at the cactus roots he thrust forward at his enemy. The deer backed, surprised and hurt, and the airman, making the most of his newly gained advantage, advanced on the animal. The deer backed again and the airman advanced farther and farther until the deer, with despair written on its face, turned about and cantered away.

The last we saw of the pair was a faint silhouette on the horizon—a deer being chased by a cactus-carrying "erk". How far the chase continued we do not know, but the war whoops emanating from our hero could be heard in the distance for many minutes afterwards.

When interviewed by our special reporter, "Denny" modestly refused to talk of his adventures, except to say that he is steering clear of the Wild Animal Park until the mating season is over!



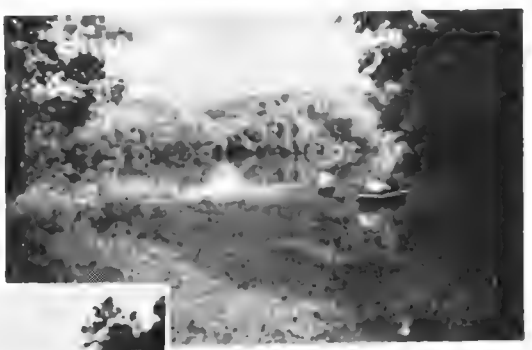
. . . Not Libya but deep in the heart of Saskatchewan. Model tank constructed by Station personnel for Army Week in Moose Jaw.

FAIRIES AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GARDEN

Scene—Manœuvres; Time—America, two years ago. Infantry men to denote firing a rifle, had to say "Bang!" One man, firing at an oncoming soldier, said "Bang!" The soldier came on. "Bang!" yelled the rifleman, "Bang!" Still the enemy came forward, until he was a few yards away. "I have shot and killed you several times," bellowed the rifleman. "Chug-chug," replied the enemy, an ex-newspaperman, "I'm a tank!"

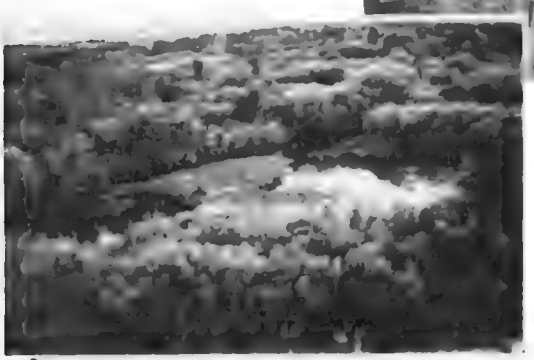
Scenes From Connor's Creek

Site for west landing stage. Approach from 9th Ave., approx. 200 yards distant.



Midway between landing stages, looking south. Boating and bathing in this stretch.

The Paddock. Main rendezvous for picnics, etc. Kiosk, etc., to be set up in this area.



View of miniature lake from high land on the east.

ROYAL OAK TO SAIL AGAIN

32 Secures Crafty Carrier

$2 Prize for Name

For some time now there have been endless rumours concerning the B———. We almost said it, but—well, that would be divulging a military secret. However, as we have reason to believe that no one ever reads the "Prairie Flyer", there's little risk in a spot of careless talk concerning—we will call her "Zinky-Dinky" for a start. Sounds rather glamorous. It's misleading, but it describes her upholstery, for she is heavily plated although completely disarmed. A stodgy wench—not streamlined, but, on the contrary, rather broad in the beam; square in the stern with a fluted bow. She is easily managed and built for comfort and security, rather than speed; she can take five in her lap, and never so much as blush. Unsinkable is her middle name, but it must be admitted that no one has ever tried to get her down. We would cautious the overzealous that if they do they are liable to have their ardour dampened by the waters of the Creek. She won't let them down if they treat her like a lady.

Prize of Two Dollars

The "Royal Oak" is destined for a busy Life, Buoy!—No! that won't wash, so we'll scrub it. What shall we call the "Little Acorn"? Various names have been suggested, such as "Shuttle Sue", "Sergeant Shuttle", "The Erk", "General Jackson", "Duty Pilot", etc. There's a prize of Two Dollars for the name selected by the editor as being the most appropriate. The closing day for entries is 20th July, 1942. Before submitting your choice look her over. The Entertainments Officer will be pleased to give anyone a free sail and show them over the ground, provided they are prepared to sign on as a member of the crew. Volunteers are urgently required.

We will need a better head of steam (if we are to have the benefits of the Country Club before the best of the Season is over), before we crash the Coca Cola bottle to send the Ferry Boat on her official maiden voyage. All hands on deck! Aye, Aye, Sir!

SECRETS OF THE C.R.

• *Continued from page 22*

the latest product of their childlike—sorry, the typewriter slipped, "fertile" was the word—brains was pointed out to me with unpardonable pride.

It was truly a fearful contraption, consisting primarily of a hook-and-eye latch, but now surrounded by so many odd bits and pieces of metal, wire, string and elastic that the whole contrivance presented an alarming and complicated spectacle.

I was informed that the "autolock", as it had been dubbed, was designed with the object of keeping at bay undesirable invaders and that it was, in fact, operating successfully to that end. Obviously a perfect foil to Schicklgruber's secret weapon.

A demonstration was arranged for my benefit there and then, at which it was shown that the door remained locked to all comers who did not give the prescribed call sign.

For those fortunate ones who were familiar with the code the door could be locked and unlocked by remote control from four different positions in the Registry.

I was also informed that the whole works would be enclosed in the near future without any loss of efficiency, and I understand this has since been done.

On the whole, the device showed considerable ingenuity, but the weak crack I passed that "It autolock but, apparently, sometimes doesn't" evoked the wrath of the patentees and I was forcibly ejected.

I'm afraid that if the erks seek any gen on the boat in future they will have to rely upon the cookhouse staff to supply it second-hand; it is now impossible to glean such information from the Registry as in days of yore.

TREASURE TALE

Amazing Cookhouse Incident!

32 S.F.T.S.. 7th July, 1942.

The Airmen's Dining Hall was rocked to its foundations by the repercussions of a staggering occurrence here tonight.

One of the new arrivals on this unit, AC. Waring, and a sausage were the central figures of the episode.

There is nothing extraordinary in the appearance of the airman, and there appeared nothing extraordinary about the sausage—until it was cut open.

Imagine the consternation when from the open sausage a dime shone out in all its silvery glory! The airman and many witnesses who vouch for the accuracy of the story were unable to believe their eyes, but there was no doubt in the matter, it WAS a dime.

Upon hearing of this amazing incident your reporter determined to investigate fully, partly in an endeavour to ascertain the facts and partly to ascertain what were the chances of further wealth finding its way into the "dogs".

The Cookhouse staff could throw no light on the subject—as they pointed out, if they knew that the meals served up were being dressed with such rare delicacies, no meals would be dished up until they were proved to be edible. They quoted K.R's. as their authority.

Your reporter then interviewed the man in charge of the mincer, but he, too, was unable to help. In all his experience, and that is considerable as we all know, he had never known such a thing to happen before.

In the end your reporter came to the conclusion that F/Sgt. Blore, not knowing what to do with his money, had decided his meals would be more interesting if airmen had something like this to look forward to, and moreover, they would undoubtedly eat more, thereby increasing his prestige and make the powers-that-be realise that he was worthy of further promotion.

Air Cadets on Station

By Eric Walling

Sunday, July 5th, saw the first group of Air Cadets to visit No. 32 S.F.T.S., parading on the Station.

After billets had been allocated and official business transacted, dinner was served in the Airmen's dining hall. Having had a short rest period in their huts, the young and budding airmen proceeded to the Drill Square, where the Photographic Section captured their likenesses on film for purposes of record.

The schedule then called for organised games and sports, and a trip was made to the Moose Jaw Wild Animal Park, where the boys were extremely interested in the many exhibits on view there.

For their evening's entertainment they had a short period of recreation, followed by a movie in the Station Recreation Hall, and when the boys finally retired they not only were pleased with their first day's camp, but were keenly looking forward to their activities during the coming week, when they would learn how an R.A.F. school is operated.

Insects have
their own point
of view about
civilization a man
thinks he amounts
to a great deal
but to a
flea or a
mosquito a
human being is
merely something
good to eat.

—Don Marquis.

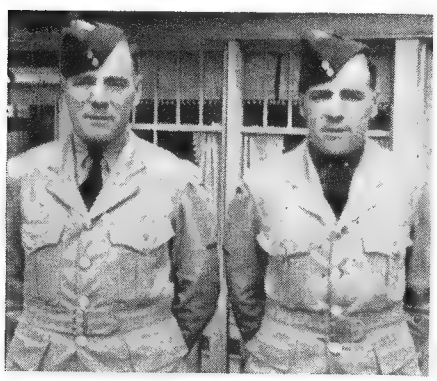
Two, Two Quaint!

Who's Who at 32

No. 32, Lately.—An LAC. was recently posted from this Station to Weyburn. He was definitely posted—not attached, not on temporary duty, just POSTED. A few weeks later he turned up on the Station, and quite normally went on working—or so it seemed.

The Corporal i/c was more than amazed, to put it mildly. After all, one just can't be posted, then, having a great love for one's former Station, return there of one's own free will.

The Ledger Twins



Which is which?

Friends down town were amazed to see him again and some lassies got in quite a pickle—the conversation was so strange—there were things he had forgotten! He had changed, seemed absent minded about things, didn't recognise old pals—quite snotty! Then the mystery unravelled.

The LAC. Ledger, about whom this paragraph is written, is the brother of the LAC. Ledger who was posted to Weyburn—the twin brother, and what a resemblance! Looks, build, walk, gestures, manner of speaking, etc., were all the same—no wonder people were hoaxed!

Who Gave Him Socks?

Officer Accused of Hoarding

We understand on good authority that one member of the Officers' Mess on this unit is the proud possessor of twenty-one, repeat twenty-one pairs of socks.

We are not able to ascertain their condition, whether holed, darned or otherwise, but we understand their possession gives him a great sense of satisfaction, much the same as that experienced by a collector of rare art. It is alleged that he gloats over them and counts them one by one every night before retiring, but this is understandable when one knows that his home is the Land of the Thistle.

It is rumoured that the War Time Prices and Trade Board have been acquainted with the facts and proceedings may soon be instituted on a charge of hoarding, but the man responsible for this step being taken is, unfortunately, due to the condition of his own socks, unable "to put his foot down"!

In a letter to the Editor, F/Sgt. Billinger, who was recently posted from this Station, mentions that the men who went with him have already made a good name for themselves on their new unit.

A man found an unexploded bomb, picked it up and jumped on a bus to take it to the nearest police station. "What's that you have in your lap?" asked the bus conductor. "It's an unexploded shell which I'm taking to the police station." "Blimey, man, don't carry it in your lap! Put it under the seat."

Entertainment

Entertainment recently has fallen to a low ebb, due to the tide of events which has carried away a great deal of the urge for organised indoor functions. It is a strange coincidence that we should have had such a flood of water and heard no end of promenading the deck, but the English always were Sea Dogs and whilst some have gone, others are straining at the leash to be off. This is only natural, but we must take these things in our stride and reorganise ourselves speedily and effectively for the benefit of all, and in saying this, we speak especially to the newcomers to "32". If you can shoot a line, blow a trumpet, beat a drum, sing, act, dance or pull your weight in the amusement line, either on the stage or behind the scenes, the Entertainment Officer will be pleased to have a chat with you.

A general outline of our activities in the past may prove of some interest and be a guide to you, so, here they are: Cinema Shows on Tuesdays, Fridays and Sundays, and other special occasions (when advertised) are a regular feature run by the Y.M.C.A. Periodically, on an average once per month, we have a Gramophone Recital by Mr. A. J. Wickens, K.C., Moose Jaw. His is the largest collection of privately-owned records that we know of. These cover practically the whole field of music, and our benefactor is willing to come along at any time and provide what we may call for. Station Dances are put on at least once per month. A standard charge of 30 cents to admit a couple has been fixed. Our own Dance Band provides the music, but unfortunately, the strength has been reduced by postings. Musicians are wanted urgently for the Station Dance and Military Bands. There is no doubt that "The more we are together the merrier we shall be." Then we have occasional "Quiz" Contests. Concerts and talks, etc., given by civilians, have been of a high standard. Yes, we have a good field from which to draw.

A special Revue Orchestra, under the leadership of LAC. Knibb, performed at "Dots and Dashes", a charity show put on in town by the Red Cross. Mrs. Morrison, wife of Wing Commander Morrison, A.F.C., was responsible for the programme, which included specialty dancing by Flying Officer Sleigh and Mrs. L'Estrange; singing by Sergeant Woods and the "Harmonaires" (LAC's. C. Dolphin, A. W. Dolphin, Fisher and Thurgood). Novelty was introduced by the rendering of the new number, "My Heart is with a Convoy", sung by the "Harmonaires". Mrs. Morrison's performance as "The Wife" in Noel Coward's "Fumed Oak" was exceptionally good.

We had an "Auld Lang Syne" Dance at the Station Cinema on June 18th last, organised especially in honour of those early settlers who were moving on, and we had so many boats docked in the Bays of the Hall that the Naval Department are seeking the services of our scenic artist, LAC. Sumner, who turned out no less than eight in two hours. That's the way it should be when we consider that all of these were torpedoed before reaching a Home port. Of the couples who set out in "Gopher's Glory", "Duchess of Moose Jaw", "Mosquito Bite", "The Grasshopper", "Coca-Cola", "The Creaking Beauty", "Ubet" and "Big Chief", LAC. Broadhurst and Miss May Lockhart of Moose Jaw were first to reach a Home port. AC. Watts and Miss Alice Strowyer, also of Moose Jaw, danced off with the prize for the Jitterbug Contest. On this occasion the prizes were special souvenirs. It is intended to have these dances for the others before they go.

For your future entertainment it is hoped that we will have a return visit of Mr. Richard Bird, of Bird Films, Regina, and also the Ukrainian Society. We know that those people who were privileged to attend the previous shows will be back. Need we say more?

Man grows up
In quietness.
As he grows older
He talks less.

When he is old
He sits among
Grey Grandfathers
And holds his tongue.

I'd rather sit
By a wine shelf
And tell people
About myself.

—Robert Nathan.

Sports CHATTER . . .

by the SPORTS OFFICER

SOCCER

At Regina—June 24th

The Casuals and Corinthians delighted the crowd at Park Hughes in Regina with an exhibition of really first-class soccer. All players struck top form, and the best compliment given to the teams was an invitation to give another exhibition match in a few weeks.

It was very gratifying to see that we can still field two good teams in spite of the fact that we have lost a large number of our players through postings.

The match ended in a win for the Casuals, 3-1, but the score seemed a very unimportant factor in such a good game, and territorially the teams were about even, with the Casuals perhaps having just that little bit extra in finishing.

(Teams—*Casuals* — Giles, Bowell, Whiteford, Germain, Rush (Capt.), Greenwood, Finlay, Thurgood, Wallace, Cpl. Boothroyd, Harker. *Corinthians*—McKenzie, Cpl. Spilsbury (Capt.), Cpl. Robb, Hayes, Cpl. McKenzie, Staniland, Haughey, Cpl. Parker, Cpl. Wilson, Walker, McLeod.)

At Indian Head—July 1st

"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The Boys are Marching!" To the tunes of stirring marches played by the town band, the Corinthians and Casuals marched through the streets of Indian Head in the Carnival procession. On the second circuit we began to wonder whether we would have any time left to play soccer, but though the band went round a third time, we retired for lunch, having "shown ourselves off" to the local populace.

After winning a prize or two at skittles, and picking winners in the children's races which were run on the main street, we went to change for the game. We thought that soccer would be the main attraction but we were woefully misled because there were trotting races in progress at the same time, and these attracted a large part of the crowd and occasionally some of the players. But between the races, they (members of the crowd, not the horses!) came over to watch us, and we drew cheers from a small group of fair damsels, to whom Cpl. Undy was valiantly explaining the rudiments of the game. He must have done rather well, too, because . . . . but that's another story!

We struggled along in the rather warm afternoon, kicking and chasing, tackling and falling, and the break at half time, with its orange, was very welcome, but we weren't allowed much respite as Referee Rathbone kept a strict eye on the watch. The game had been somewhat colourless in the first half, but brightened up considerably in the second, and the crowd was treated to a spate of goals. When the final whistle blew each side had scored three, and the Casuals were muttering under their breaths something about a "moral

• *Continued on page 31*

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S40-42

Sports Chatter

• *Continued from page 29*

victory" because one of the Corinthian goals came as a result of a penalty. A 3-3 draw, however, was a fair result on the run of play and everybody enjoyed the game.

After having been looked after in true Canadian fashion, we bade *adieu* to Indian Head, or perhaps *au revoir* because we hope to be invited there again.

At Nicolle's Ranch—July 4th

Wending our way down into the Qu'Appelle Valley we felt that we might have been back in England, except for the mosquitoes!

Quite a large crowd watched the game —played on turf for a change, which the players must have found rather unusual! Occasionally a gopher would scuttle from one hole to another, or sit up to watch for a while, but would get rather "browned off" with this strange game and wander over to watch the softball.

This time the Corinthians got their revenge and beat the Casuals 1-0. There were quite a few new faces in the teams.

The fair ladies of the committee gave us a very nice supper under the trees after the game, away from the mosquitoes, and once more, after having been very well looked after, the teams headed for home.

The Services League

The first half of the competition has nearly finished and *triste dictu* neither the Corinthians nor the Casuals is at the top, but we hope to do much better in the second half of the schedule.

There have been quite a number of difficulties in running the league, owing to the distances which the teams have to travel, but most of the games have been played according to schedule, except on one or two occasions when the weather has been unfavourable.

As the Wanderers have dropped out of the league all matches in which they played have been declared void.

The league standings at the time of writing are as follows:

Southern Saskatchewan Service Soccer League Standings

Team	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals For	Goals Against	Pts.
NOMADS	4	4	0	0	7	3	8
ESTEVAN	3	3	0	0	14	4	6
WEYBURN	4	2	2	0	9	7	4
CORINTHIANS	5	2	3	0	7	12	4
CASUALS	4	1	3	0	7	6	2
MOSSBANK	4	0	4	0	2	14	0

The Station League

Bad weather has interfered with the schedule but the league is progressing satisfactorily—94 games having been played. The Gunners have dropped out of the league—and so all games in which they played have been declared void.

The representatives of the teams are casting hungry eyes around for new players, and all new arrivals who can kick a ball are assured of a game.

The league as it stands at 6th July, 1942:

Station Soccer League Standings

	Team	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals For	Goals Against	Pts.
1.	JAYBEES	10	6	4	0	30	15	12
2.	PENSIONERS	7	5	1	1	15	3	11
3.	GRIFFINS	8	4	1	3	16	4	11
4.	IONITES	7	4	2	1	18	9	9
5.	GALLEONS	7	4	3	0	22	12	8
6.	DEMONS	6	3	1	2	14	5	8
7.	PUPILEFS	7	3	2	2	10	7	8
8.	KAYANDELLES	7	3	3	1	14	15	7
9.	PUPILEES	4	3	1	0	11	5	6
10.	HOTSPURS	7	3	4	0	7	15	6
11.	SERGEANTS	6	2	4	0	16	14	4
12.	OFFICERS	9	1	7	1	5	27	3
13.	NORLITES	3	0	2	1	3	7	1
14.	OPTIMISTS	6	0	6	0	3	48	0

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YOU'LL SEE THE SIGN

A Road

A Road might lead to anywhere,
To harbour, towns and quays;
Or to a queerly pointed house
Hidden by leafy trees.
It might lead past the blacksmith's door
Or even past the bakers.
It might be a Road to a great dark cave
With treasure and gold piled high,
Or a Road with a mountain tied to its end
Blue humped against the sky.
Oh! a Road might lead you anywhere,
To Mexico or Maine,
But then, it might just fool you, and
Lead you home again.

—OZZIE.

Moose Jaw Times-Herald

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LOCAL - SPORTS - FEATURES

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MOOSE JAW - - SASK.

• SECTION NEWS

+ Life in the SICKERY

Alas! We have now said "Good-bye" with regret to many of our old customers. Believe me, fellows, the old Sickery does not seem the same without them. We sped them on their way with all good wishes, and sincerely hope that they will soon be established as "Life Members" of some other Sickery. We supplied our Ernest with sufficient medicine to see him safely back, and trust he will not forget to report sick on arrival at his new unit.

It is said that Cpl. Farley is a champion at table tennis; he ought to be, too; he gets plenty of practice, but he had better make the most of his time, it won't be long now.

What is the Blonde object that wanders around the Sickery these days? "It" wandered in the other day clad in a grey flannel suit and a tie that would have put Joseph's coat of many colours to shame.

To our surprise the object asked to see the Medical Officer, stating that he was suffering from a boil; we were on the point of informing him that he must see his own doctor in Moose Jaw when we suddenly realized it was the local representative of Messrs. Rylands Bros. Who says the leopard can't change its spots?

Medical N.C.O. wishes to contact person who can sell him some authentic books on "How to live a happy married life and still keep soldiering on." An instruction booklet on the use of coal oil stoves would be an added advantage.

We have something in our Sickery that few Sickeries can boast. It is a "Telescopic Orderly." When patients go to the treatment room its just unwinds itself and leers down on them. Six feet three and a half inches when fully unwound it really presents a formidable spectacle. We wonder if it has any connection with the famous English firm of chemists?

A man who has never reported sick writes asking us to give him a cure for Gastritis. We sought the opinion of one of our "regulars" and have great pleasure in passing on his "cure" to the afflicted one. It is as follows: Report Sick, you will be almost sure to get two days' light duty. Having seen the M.O. and taken the Medicine he gives you, catch the 10.00 bus to town, go to the "Flicks", follow this by a good meal; then see a soccer match, return to Camp, see the Y.M. picture show, and wind up with a supper of Liverburgers. Now off to bed. Next morning (being Friday) you will find that you are due for a week-end, and this news coupled with the previous day's "treatment" should effect a complete cure.

"Freddie the Fiddler" has thrown himself on the mercy of the "Magic Lamp" at last. It's a good thing to do, too.

Count Scoffins, our head Gardener, is looking very perturbed of late. We fear he will be losing weight rapidly if he continues to ply his rake as industriously as he has been doing around the Sickery of late.

Who was it who spent a very embarrassing moment whilst visiting the General Hospital a short while ago? We bet he doesn't go there again in a hurry! Never mind, Jack; these things are sent to try us.

And now, owing to the fact that we are so short of customers, and as a result, short of "gen", we say so-long until next time.

* *

THE LAST STRAW

Notice outside a tobacconist's shop, in war-time Britain:

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No tobacco
No matches
No flints
No lighter petrol
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• **SECTION NEWS**

Minors' Monthly

With so many of our good looking lads posted away and with a host of new faces taking their places, one almost imagines oneself in another section these days. However, the hive of activity and the din reassures one that this most certainly is and could only be the Minors Section.

The gossip heard in and around the "cage", which, by the way, has been partially restored to its rightful owners, thereby depriving us of that beloved "junk" box and scrap shelf, centres mainly around "Ops" and Old Country news. We few remaining "old sweats" who can only boast of short Squadron but long F.T.S. experience, console ourselves by trotting out the one about our having been bombed once.

Did our married colleagues enjoy the spot of cleaning up that they volunteered to do outside the East door? The resultant cleanliness of both wall and former dump patch proves that their "homework" could be turned to good advantage.

"Of course I'm a pilot— What d'ya call this, FOG?"

Some of our luckier members have recently had leave and have returned to work with a firm resolve to push 'em out before dinner. One such member, who spent his time "down on the farm", is occasionally to be seen squatting between the oleo legs with a bucket. However, in spite of this, he assures us that his leave was spent resting and that he did not assist with the farm chores.

We wonder if Tommy will have any suggestions for improving the Calgary Stampede next year?

It is suggested that a shot gun be used for driving home to our feathered friends the fact that the new Flight Desk was built for our benefit. At present, with one eye on the Maintenance Sheets and the other on the rafters above, it is the nimble footed guy who gets away with it.

Our interest in the yellow "model" aircraft still continues on slack days. Membership to its "club" calls only for the ability to put to good use a bucket, a cloth and a mixture of Cleansel and water. However, the appearance of a certain senior N.C.O. with a slip of paper and a "hunting" look in his eyes is a signal for most of the fellows to slide off to their pet "scrounging hole". We do wonder though how the "models" can get so dirty in between our frequent visits to them!

We hear that our two cribbage experts waged a three-hours battle on a recent Sunday. Honours finally fell to "Shorty", and his opponent, our favourite ex-boy sportingly admitted that "Shorty" was certainly some player —especially if he had control of the board and matches! It is noted, too, that "Shorty" and the "Shadow" play a "slaughtering" game of chess. Their main idea seems to be determining which of them can finish the game with the fewest number of men to handle!

Rumour has it that a certain Fitter is attempting to corner the used car market. Is this true or is he merely attempting to build one reliable car from his spares, a car that will take him to town and back without the frequent stops and bonnet raisings that we hear accompany him all the time?

Some of our members have become so naturalized and acclimatised that we hear they are considering handing back into Stores their Knives, Domestic. They consider them to be surplus equipment!

—D. A. H.

Today's definition—A snob is a man who plays shove half-crown.

To the Tenant of Berchtesgaden

(In eternal war mankind has become great. In eternal peace mankind would be ruined—Hitler in "Mein Kampf")

What glory can be bought with blood
  Is yours to buy,
Who taught: Man rose from primal mud
  In battle mud to die.

Yours is the pride of Hun and Goth,
  And never, never do you think
That he who treads the grapes of wrath
  The wine of wrath must drink.

For Belgium, Rostov and Belgrade,
  For Rotterdam and Warsaw's pain
The hiss of an avenging blade
  Shall sound—and sound again.

And you—your soul shall cry surcease,
  You shall be glad
Of one last longed-for mercy: Peace,
  Eternal, Kamerad.

J.M.H.

In occupied Denmark, a big husky Dane in a tram car stood beside a small, anæmic-looking Nazi officer. Every time the tram car lurched, the Dane bumped against the German. Finally, the Dane started to get out, and as he did so, he patted the Nazi on the head and said, "I am so sorry my little protector."

Away from Home?

YOU'LL ALWAYS
FIND A
HOME WELCOME
AT

NEXT TO CAPITOL
THEATRE

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 11

V	A	M	P	■	F	L	A	T	L	Y
I	■	■	R	E	L	A	T	E	■	O
S	O	D	A	■	I	D	O	L	■	S
O	N	E	T	A	P	■	P	E	S	T
R	E	F	E	R	S	■	■	G	U	S
■	D	E	S	K	■	C	A	R	B	■
A	G	A	■	■	S	P	R	A	T	S
B	E	T	A	■	T	R	I	P	L	E
E	■	I	N	T	O	■	S	H	E	W
T	■	S	T	A	N	C	E	■	■	E
S	A	T	I	R	E	■	S	C	A	R

Note.—No correct solution to this puzzle was received but the prize of $1 has been awarded to

CPL. H. C. PRIOR
32 S.F.T.S.

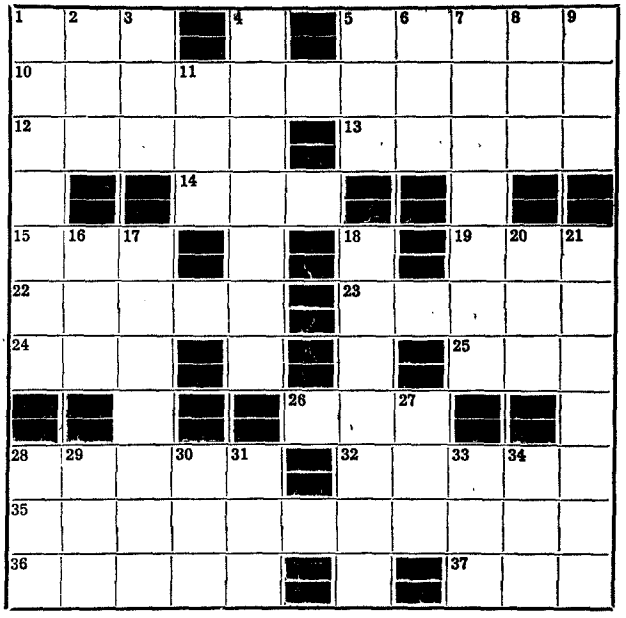
for the nearest correct solution submitted.

Crossword Competition—No. 12

The Editor offers a prize of $1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive by July 31, 1942, to

"The Prairie Flyer",
No. 32, S.F.T.S.,
Moose Jaw,

marking the envelope "X-word".



CLUES ACROSS

1. Part of 35 across.
5. Pierces with a label in the middle.
10. "Nice top axle" (anagram).
12. Gave.
13. Prepared.
14. Edge.
15. Tide.
19. This dance is often prefixed by good.
22. Composer.
23. Precious stone.
24. Quite a figure on the Station.
25. Documents.
26. Bathe.
28. Servants in the Far East.
32. Untrue.
35. "One pair tent" (anagram).
36. This is made in a ledger.
37. Head this with 1,000 and you'll get repair.

CLUES DOWN

1. Compensation.
2. Bury this for peace.
3. Airline.
4. This illusion is not what it seems.
5. Title.
6. Part of body.
7. There is more than one in this puzzle.
8. Mixed dab is not good.
9. A fox is.
11. Measure.
16. An arrow points the way to its counterpart.
17. Light.
18. Famous bomber.
20. 'Tis possessive.
21. You have to do this when coming in to land.
27. Blow.
28. Simian.
29. Tom, Dick and Harry (if over 21).
30. There's something fishy about this ring.
31. Animal's home.
33. Rest.
34. Descendant.

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Address ....

.....

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Can YOU Solve These?

1. Two erks were arguing as to whether a certain barrel of oil was less than half full as one said, or more than half full as the other said. They had nothing with which to measure the depth. A bright lad passing by said, "Oh! That's easy—I can solve that for you." And he did. How?

2. Here is a long division sum in code:

```
      AB ) CDEF ( JBG
           GC
           --
           HE
           BE
           --
           AFF
            EA
            --
             E
           ==
```

The same letter always stands for the same number. Can you decode it?

3. Here is a very difficult problem submitted by LAC. L. J. Beecham of 34 E.F.T.S., Assiniboia. He sends his own solution but wishes to know if other readers reach the same answer, and if so, how. His solution is too long to permit of publication in the next issue, but the Editor will be pleased to show it to any interested party. Here is the problem:—

From one corner of a perfectly rectangular field a rabbit starts running along one edge, while at the same instant, 300 feet away along an adjacent side, a dog starts running to catch the rabbit, *running always directly* towards it. If the rabbit's speed is 10 feet per second and that of the dog 20 feet per second, how long will it take the dog to catch the rabbit?

Solutions will be welcomed by the Editor.

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. Smith was telling the truth and Billy Williams drew the cartoon. In working out this problem it is essential to bear in mind that only one was telling the truth and only one drew the cartoon. Now, Jones could not have been telling the truth because if he had so would Green, and two did not tell the truth. The same applies to Green. If Jackson had been telling the truth and it was Jimmy James who was responsible for the drawing, then Smith was lying, and as a consequence Smith also would have drawn the cartoon. But it could not have been *both* James and Smith because only one drew it. If Billy Williams' best friend was telling the truth and it was not Billy Williams who drew it then the only one left is Robinson, who said it was Tommy Brown, but Robinson was lying by the same token that Jackson was proved to be lying. Therefore Billy Williams' best friend could not have been telling the truth. This leaves us with Smith. If he were telling the truth, all the others were lying, and therefore it was Billy Williams.

2. A pair of shoes.

3. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Baden-Powell, Lord Lister, Jerome Kern, Rudyard Kipling.

SOFTBALL

No. 32 R.C.A.F. Flyers Make Gallant Bid for League Honors.

"Dyed in the Wool" softball observers around the city of Moose Jaw will agree that the R.C.A.F. flyers from "32" are proving to be a real threat these days in the race for league supremacy.

A strong team has been built up and should be a contender for the pennant after a few more games have been played. Since the last issue of the "Prairie Flyer" three games have been played, three others being postponed due to weather conditions.

The first game, played against Prairie Airways, resulted in a win for the Flyers of "32" with a score of 6-3. This win proved to be a source of encouragement after successive "bad breaks" in previous games had barred the team from chalking up points in the column that counts. "Red" Lillie and Dick Ireland were the battery in this game and the opposition were unable to score a single run until the sixth inning, the Flyers scoring three times. In the seventh inning Prairie Airways added one more and another in the eighth, with three more runs being added to the Flyers tally in the ninth, after a batting spree by all members of the team.

The following evening wound up as a sorry defeat for the Flyers, a score of 18-6 being chalked up against them by the league leaders, Johnstone Dairies. Errors on the part of almost every player was the factor for the loss, along with a slippery ball diamond after the rain which didn't help matters any.

The third game, which was played July 2nd, resulted in a 4-3 win for Johnstone Dairies, after a game which was a "heart breaker" for the Flyers, who led all the way only to be beaten in the last inning of the game. Excellent baseball was played by all players, especially the outfielders who caught every ball within reach.

Mention should be made here of the game played July 1, Dominion Day, at Milestone, Sask., against the R.C.N.V.R., being an exhibition game for the Sports Day, and a score of 10-3 resulted for the Navy. A very good trip was had by all who represented No. 32, and thanks are extended to Mr. Purves, who managed our team on the trip and who acted in the capacity of Y.M.C.A. supervisor during the absence of Mr. Eric Walling from the station.

The following players took part in the games reported: F/O. Bick, P/O. Marriott, Mr. Goodwin, Cpl. Berg, Cpl. Warner, LAC. Eros, LAC. Reid, LAC. Lillico, AC1. Ireland, AC1. Lillie, LAC. Preston, LAC. Claxton.

(I am indebted to AC1. Ireland for the above notes.)

—ERIC WALLING

Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE

JULY 15 TO AUGUST 15, 1942

Friday, July 17—"STRAIGHT PLACE AND SHOW", starring Ritz Brothers, Ethel Merman and supporting cast.
Sunday, July 19—"THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP", starring Deanna Durbin.
Tuesday, July 21—"DEVIL'S PARTY", starring Victor McLaglen, Paul Kelly.
Friday, July 24—"DAYTIME WIFE", starring Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Warren William.
Sunday, July 26—"SANDY IS A LADY", starring Baby Sandy, Mischa Auer.
Tuesday, July 28—"ARIZONA", starring Jean Arthur, William Holden and Warren William.
Friday, July 31—"FRONTIER MARSHAL", starring Randolph Scott and Binnie Barnes.
Sunday, August 2—"ON THE BEAT", starring George Formby.
Tuesday, August 4—"BLACK CAT", starring Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert.
Friday, August 7—"THREE MUSKETEERS", Ritz Brothers and Don Ameche and Binnie Barnes.
Sunday, August 9—"HOLD THAT GHOST", starring Abbott and Costello.
Tuesday, August 11—"HIT THE ROAD", starring Little Tough Guys and Dead End Kids, Gladys George.
Friday, August 14—"MAN HUNT", starring Joan Bennett, Walter Pidgeon.

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MOOSE JAW CANADA

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Capitol Theatre Schedule

July 20, 21, 22	**"Wife Takes a Flyer"**	Joan Bennett, Franchot Tone.
July 23, 24, 25	**"Saboteur"**	Robt. Cummings, Priscilla Lane.
July 27, 28, 29	**"Shores of Tripoli"**	John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Randolph Scott.
July 30, 31, Aug. 1	**"Gold Rush"** **"Inside Fighting China"**	Charlie Chaplin.
Aug. 3, 4, 5	**"Take a Letter, Darling"**	Rosalind Russell, Fred McMurray.
Aug. 6, 7, 8	**"Tarzan's Adventure"**	J. Weismuller, Maureen O'Sullivan.
Aug. 10, 11, 12	**"The Big Shot"**	Humphrey Bogart.
Aug. 13, 14, 15	**"Ship Ahoy"**	Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton.

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July 13-14—**"People vs. Dr. Kildare"**—Lew Ayres, Loraine Day.
"Sailors on Leave"
July 15-16—**"Honky Tonk"**—Clarke Gable, Lana Turner.
"About Face"—Wm. Tracy.
July 17-18—**"Glamor Boy", "Gauchos of Eldorado", "Three Mesquiteers".**
July 20-21—**"Body Disappears"**—Jane Wyman, Jeff Lynn.
July 22-23—**"One Night in Lisbon", "Swing It, Soldier".**